

A Future Meets A Past

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Summary: Note- much different from that crappy top 5 (it cured my writer's block tho sorry for who it offended) this story is about the future magical world, time travel, and reincarnation, I think it's quite good and reminds me of an alternate story...only not as g

A Future Meets A Past

_ Why is the sun blue? Why is the sky yellow? Why do we have to kill? Why can't we be mellow? I know this much is true. Except the sun isn't blue._

>
 The song resounded through the empty field of Lore. Together the people flocked together to sing, and when they sung they were happy, and when they were happy they were not so hungry.

>
 The tune was pretty and slow and sometimes the words would blend together in a beautiful mixture of sweet sounds. Mellow, though it almost seemed out of place in the song, had become Ek's gang's nickname. Flec, his oldest sister, said that calling his gang this was an oxymoron, but Ek didn't actually know what this meant.

>
 The other gang, True, was led by Rak Mik, Flec's best friend. Flec acted as an ambassador between the two groups and was well-liked by both.

>
 Flec herself was a rare beauty, but her disposition, to the contrary, was quick and witty and she often snapped up jokes quicker than a person could blink.

>
 "The quicker the mouth flaps the hungrier you shall be by a dinner that shall not come." Her mother would grumble in detest. Flec would simply flash her brilliant grin and make a comment on her mother's muddy apron. Her mother buried her head in her hands and made an annoyed gesture.

>
 After one such occasion, Flec walked up to Mellow's members with the grin still pasted on her face. She brushed the dirt off her tattered robes and cleared her throat.

>
 "Mellow-Tapka, return that belt to True-Dafa or the Trues threaten to attack." She said, but didn't seem frightened at the prospect. Flec fluffed her dark blond hair and winked her hazel-green

eyes at Tapka. Tapka shrugged one shoulder as she took it off and spit at the tattered belt.

>
 "He may have it back now." She said gingerly, a sly grin creeping across her freckled face. Flec's eyes darkened to pure hazel, causing Tapka to back away in fear. When her eyes turned hazel no one would go near her.

>
 "Do not speak of a True with disrespect. True-Dafa was nice enough to lend you her belt because you were too poor to afford one." Tapka blushed a deep red at Flec's words, though no one was well off among them.

>
 "Neva come today!" Flec's youngest sister cried with delight and Flec's eyes turned to their brightest green.

>
 "Comes." She corrected but then her face perked up, "Neva?" She asked with excitement. "This early in the month?"

>
 "Kk!" The girl said, the slang term was a Cluck=yes. Clucks had been the gang of their Uncle Dref and Hegrog. They had a very secretive language, part of which ha been taught to Flec and Ek's family.

>
 "Ek!" She called. "Neva! Today!" Ek's tough guy mask, which he used to strike fear into newer gang members, disappeared and was replaced with a youthful joy.

>
 Despite her quick tongue and sharp mouth, Flec was a good student and Neva's favorite teacher's pet.

>
 Neva taught the children of the three villages, but Lore was her favorite of them all. She was good friends with all of the families, especially Flec's and Rak's.

>
 "Why are you here so early?" Neva's sister Alexik asked.

>
 Neva's bright eyes dimmed and her gray hair drooped.

>
 "The village of Meade has been destroyed by _Marmotlevo._" Flec flinched at the name.

>
 "Marmot got them?" Alexik said, her blond pigtails drooping. Rak patted her gently on the back and Flec smiled at him.

>
 Flec saw Neva search for a nice way to say it but instead she lowered her wrinkled head and muttered a yes.

>
 Flec felt her voice falter. "Are they- dead?"

>
 "All of them." A muffled cry escaped Rak's throat. His sister lived in Meade. Flec placed a comforting arm around his bulky shoulders and he forced a weak grin. Suddenly his jars dropped.

>
 "Flec, your eyes are brown!" He exclaimed. Neva stood up calmly.

>
 "Your almost ready." She said mysteriously. Flec cocked a dirty blond eyebrow in her direction.

>
 "Ready?" She asked. All thoughts of Meade were wiped from her kind.

>

> "Your not yet eleven." Neva said.

> Flec shuddered. No one in Lore had ever lived past 10. They all mysterious died. Now there were only a few of the original adults left and the children were even lower on food.

> Tomorrow was Flec's birthday and Rak would be eleven in a week. They were called the Taurus children and were always laughed at for being highly stubborn.

> "Today I will teach you about time." Neva said, changing the subject. The trues and mellows perked up.

> "Time can be controlled if one has the power of K. K's can skip from one time circle to another once they come of age. Lore and Meade were famous for several amazing K's."

> Rak looked sullen, "No more K's will come from Meade." He looked ready to cry.

> "Every one in a while a soul will have a second chance at life.

They are known as C's. C's are K's who can travel between two bodies. One in the past and one is in the present. Sometimes C's have millions of different bodies."

> Alexik raised her tiny fingers and fluffed her white blond hair, "When do they come of age?"

> "Late childhood."

> "Oh."

> "Read Chapter seven, I have a headache." Everyone exchanged a confused glance. Usually their classes with Neva stretched on for hours at a time.

> ***

> One week later-

> Flec felt her arms shake in fear. She was waiting for the eleven year old curse to set in. Any minute she expected to mysteriously disappear. Today was Rak's birthday and he too was terrified for his very life.

> "Rak!" She called happy birthday to him.

> "Yeah," He said sarcastically as his whole body shook, "happy."

> "We'll survive, Rak, we have too." She said and he smile, flashing brilliant pearly teeth, uncommon for their time of famine and starving.

> It's all Mormart's fault, she thought bitterly. Mormart was a dark wizard, who had set the most horrible spell ever. A spell that made magic cease to exist. He had given up all his power just to make others suffer. No one could understand.

> "That's evil." People would say, shrugging, but Flec knew there was some deeper reason which she could not figure out. Flec was like that, always searching for some deeper meaning.

> Flec's mother called her over. "Neva wants to see you two love birds." She teased. Their faces turned bright red but they knew it was all in jest.

> She ran over to the tent where Neva was staying for the first half of the month. Now rather than only spending a week and half there she would spend 15 days, since she had ...less...places...to visit.

> Rak's birthday was an unhappy one considering he was still mourning his sister's untimely death. He and his sister had been very close. His sister had been twenty when Mormot had attacked. Of course she was only his half sister and their father was very very old.

> "Ah the eleven year olds!" Neva said with the old light in her eyes. They stared into Flec's eyes and saw the color. Rak gasped.

> "There pure black!" He yelled rubbing at his own bright blue eyes.

> "That's not right."

> Neva smiled, causing her face to wrinkle even more. "Flec, Rak, I have something to tell you."

> "Shoot?"

> "Rak, you're a K, hence your nickname." Everyone in Lore's culture has a nickname, none of the names we're using are real.

> "Following in his footsteps, you are a C. Hence Flec."

> Strangely, this news came as no shock to Flec. She simply nodded and so did Rak.

> "We have to send you back in time to save us from Mormot's curse. If you can stop him...we've sent others back but none of them have succeeded..."

> "I see, but if I'm a C then who is past life?"

> "Felicity Potter."

> To be continued

>

End
file.